

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Cooper.*



HOPE DETERMINES TO EXPLORE THE RUINS.

CROSS CURRENTS.

CHAPTER XVIII.—WAVERING OPINIONS.

"MRS. STANMORE is inexorable. I may only go if Captain Ashworth will accompany us." Ada had been closeted a few minutes with Mrs. Stanmore, endeavouring to obtain her permission to visit the ruins, and had only succeeded conditionally.

No. 1212.—MARCH 20, 1875.

"I am very sorry," remarked Hope, looking up from the letter she was writing.

"Is he gone out to his fishing?"

Hope signed a negative, and glanced towards the balcony, from whence he entered the room, saying, "No; he is not. What may you please to want with him?"

"Mrs. Stanmore says we may go up to the Castle, but only if you will go with us, and—" (Ada's cheek flushed a little, she was not accustomed to ask

favours of Captain Ashworth, and Hope still less so. It seemed assumed between them that he was to go his own way, freed from the obligations of politeness usually rendered by a man not a relation towards the ladies of the family with whom he lived. It was not that his age removed him so far from Miss Lester and Miss Welfis as to excuse him. The existing difference of eleven or twelve years was lessened by the intelligence of the one and the matured character of the other; but they made no claim upon him, and suffered him to lead a life wholly and purely selfish.

"—And I am waiting to hear the conclusion of your remark," said Captain Ashworth, carelessly. He seated himself by Ada and took up the paper. A quick exclamation from the latter made Hope look round. The ink, upset by his rapid movement, was over the cloth and trickling on to Ada's dress. Hope, intent on rendering assistance, flew out of the room, quickly returning with a basin of cold water, with which she told Ada to wash her dress while she removed the different objects from the table, saying as she did so, "It is all my fault; I ought not to have moved the inkstand from its usual place."

"Nonsense; how could you foresee or prevent my awkwardness?" said Piers, gruffly.

Hope, who never showed herself ruffled by his boutades, nor forgot her promise to Mrs. Ashworth on account of them, continued her willing labour without reply. When the table was cleared she plunged the inky part of the cloth into the water and fetched a fresh bowl for Ada's dress.

"Keep on dipping until the mark is gone, and there will remain no stain," said Hope, suiting the action to the word. "What a pity it is not my dress instead of yours!"

"Why should you rather than Miss Lester suffer from my carelessness?" asked Piers, almost resentfully. "I shall need the indulgence of all my friends, for these accidents are likely to be of frequent occurrence."

"Only because my dress, being of print, is strong, and can bear rubbing better than Ada's, which is of muslin," was her quiet reply.

The traces of the accident being removed, Hope resumed her seat and occupation, bending her little head over the letter she was writing without any sign of vexation, though she could not be unconscious of the intended rebuff: it came so often that she was used to it. Though allowing no private pique to make her deviate from the line of conduct she thought would be most acceptable to Mrs. Ashworth, she was not sorry that the trial of her patience would soon be over. Captain Ashworth was about to leave them; he was so far well that he had accepted an engagement to travel with a young man of fortune, with the promise of an appointment afterwards to some more permanent situation in India. He did not particularly like the immediate prospect before him, but as it was the stepping-stone to a better, he had been wise enough not to refuse it, and was now almost daily expecting to be called away.

By a strange coincidence—strange because there was no bond of sympathy between them—Hope and Captain Ashworth were thinking of the same thing—his approaching departure—and both with pleasure. That of the latter was, however, not unmixed. He knew he had made but an ungracious return for much indulgence and many an act of kindness, and chiefly had he been wantonly disagreeable in his

behaviour towards Hope. As her pen now travelled rapidly over the paper, his eye glanced frequently from her hand to the good little face, so bright, yet calm, which he had never seen marred by anger nor ruffled with ill-temper, and he felt something like shame and regret that he had ever thought it worth while to be harsh and resentful to such a child—such a good child, as he was forced to acknowledge her to be.

"Are you writing to my mother?" he asked, suddenly.

"No; to 'The Bury.' I wrote to Mrs. Ashworth last week."

"And what did you say about me?"

"Very little; only that you continued to be pretty well."

"Judging from her letters to me, I fear your remarks are not always of so innocent a nature. Confess, Miss Hope, are you not her spy—bound to keep her acquainted with the amiabilities and unamiabilities of her son?"

A flush rose to Hope's cheek, but she quietly replied, "I only wrote that you were well—I never mention you except with reference to your health."

"Amiabilities, did you say, Captain Ashworth? Where could she find them?" asked Ada, willing to make a diversion, as Hope looked pained and uncomfortable.

"At any rate, I will furnish one to-day, and escort you to the Castle. Is not that a compliance with your wishes?"

"It would be more amiable than fishing, certainly, inasmuch as you would confer pleasure instead of receiving it, and we believe in that as a higher range of action," replied Ada. "Hark, Hope, you are to have your wish gratified at last; we can visit the ruin; the Captain resigns his pleasure to yours."

Piers, fidgeted, gave a pull to his moustache, and looked shy; the concession was not to Hope, and he did not want her to think so.

"Did you not tell me that my aunt makes my escort the condition of her permitting you to go?"

"Yes; and I want to go because Hope does."

"Do you really wish to go?" asked Captain Ashworth.

"I really wish to go; and as you are kind enough to accompany us, I shall be much obliged if you will speak to Mrs. Hauser and give the necessary orders."

"What are they to be?"

"What hour shall we say?" asked Ada, turning towards Hope. "As you walk, we must wait until the sun has a little declined. If we start at three we shall be there long before five, that will give you time to see the view, salute his lordship if he appears, and be back by six o'clock for dinner."

Hope assented cheerfully; there was too much of the pure ore in her character to pout, or flout an offer because she was not the one to elicit the kindness.

The arrangement met with every discouragement from Belton, who could not be persuaded that the excursion was lawful or right.

"Don't go, Miss Ada," she entreated; "it is a tempting of Providence; such company is not for you, nor for Miss Hope either."

"Then you believe in ghosts after all," said Ada, laughing.

"In the very teeth, too, of my lucid explanation and clearly-pointed moral a little while ago," observed Captain Ashworth.

"I really thought I had reflected some light upon goblin stories. I believe that every ruined castle in the neighbourhood—and there are several within no great distance—has its legend. The misty shades may keep up their nightly revels to the discomfiture of many an honest mortal if we do not put them to flight. If it were not on Miss Lester's account I should propose making our visit by moonlight."

"O no, no!" exclaimed Belton, with an energy that made them all laugh.

"Then we might dance in the fairy rings, and set our boots outside our doors afterwards for the fairies to fill with money," said Hope, gaily.

Belton was not to be persuaded into taking a less unfavourable view of the excursion, and though she would not acknowledge herself to be superstitious, held to the proverb that "Where there is smoke there must be fire." She saw them depart with one or two ominous shakes of the head, only partially reassured by the reflection that spirits rarely, if ever, were visible in daylight.

Merrily the little party proceeded on their way: down the road, which, after bending and twisting, ever turned to the river, skirting its fringed banks, and traversed sometimes by a frolicsome brook hurrying its small contributions to the larger bed, and hollowing for itself from time to time a passage across the path, which Hope, agile as a roe, passed unassisted with an easy spring. The novelty of doing something for others had its effect upon Captain Ashworth; he was gentle and talkative to Ada, and would have conversed with Hope but that she did not give him the opportunity. Away this side and that side she was flitting like a busy bee, gathering the wild flowers to make into a bouquet for Ada. Piers, watching for the prettiest and shadiest places on the river, had just fixed upon a new spot for the morrow's fishing, when a quick exclamation from Ada and the donkey-boy made them all look round. The sapient animal, finding himself less carefully guided, made a sudden rush to turn into another road leading towards the village. Hope desisted from her occupation to share Ada's admiration of the view. It was as romantic as her girlish fancy desired. Above towered a high mound, and on its summit were the grey broken walls of an old castle, to which distance lent the proper degree of enchantment, and so situated as to command the valley from either end. There it stood, a dark and gloomy object, for though the sunlight glowed on the emerald slopes of the ascent, and tinted the tops of a forest of pine-trees on one side, the ruin itself was in shadow. Before Hope had sufficiently taken in the scene, Ada's self-willed steed, captured and now under strict supervision, was led across the small wooden bridge, conducting to a diverging path, and the little party proceeded slowly upwards.

It was one of the last days of August, the weather warm and the country rich in its autumn garb. The bright green slopes were blurred here and there with yellow patches and dark blots, where the golden corn of some small proprietor still waved or had been gathered, leaving only unsightly stumps in the brown soil. Though the slow pace of the walkers easily admitted of conversation, there was little of it among them, Ada prudently keeping her strength in reserve, while Hope and Captain Ashworth rarely found much to say to each other. A few scattered rocks lay in the way, some of which were then casting long pointed shadows upon the turf.

"That accounts for the velvet cloak," said Hope, pointing towards them. "Look this way, Ada—to the right; there is a rock, with a rounded top, casting a shadow which a very little imagination may transform into that of a human figure wrapped in a long mantle."

"Gigantically long," added Captain Ashworth.

"Oh, this is charming!" said Hope, enthusiastically, advancing with childish joyousness, her light step mounting from point to point, her countenance, always frank and cheerful, now flushing with excitement and successful toil. "How I wish Belton were here; that shadow resembling the figure in a velvet cloak, added to your story of the turkey-cock, might perhaps overturn her belief in the supernatural."

Hope's remark, addressed to Captain Ashworth, remaining unanswered, she betook herself to the other side of Ada.

"I suspect that nothing would convince her superstition—" Ada suddenly stopped speaking.

"Ada! Ada! what is the matter?" Hope gave a sharp cry, and tugged as hard as she could at the rein to make the boy understand that he must stop.

Piers, who had been absorbed in some reflections quite new to him, perceived Miss Lester, white and waxen-looking, with eyes half closed, bending forward like a broken flower. He was instantly at her side, helping to support the fainting girl, and questioning Hope with eagerness.

"What is it?—what has happened?"

"She was speaking to me, and suddenly stopped. She made no complaint of illness," replied Hope, looking with tender alarm upon her friend.

Captain Ashworth was about to take her from the saddle, when with a little gasp she recovered herself enough to speak. "No, thank you, I will stay where I am. I am better already, and shall soon be well. It was only the result of too much shaking; the path just here is very steep."

"We must turn back," said Hope, decidedly.

"So I am thinking," replied Captain Ashworth, glancing up at the summit, which did not appear very far off, and then looking at Hope, to whom he knew that the relinquishing of the excursion would be a disappointment. There was, however, no shade of it on her countenance when she repeated her decision to Ada—"As soon as you are well enough we will return."

For the third time that day Captain Ashworth reflected that he had been too prejudiced to do her justice.

"It is not to be entirely as you please," answered Ada, with one of her sweet smiles. "You dear unselfish little thing, is your pleasure never to be consulted or considered? It would not be prudent for me to go farther, but I will not permit you to turn back on my account. The lad and I will return home, but only on condition that you go on; Captain Ashworth will accompany you."

Hope would not consent, and Ada would not give way. By the aid of a few words, partly in French and partly in German, notwithstanding the boy's rough patois, Ada ascertained that it would not take more than a quarter of an hour to reach the Castle. "Five minutes to meditate, and about an hour to return; you will be at home nearly as soon as I shall."

Hope looked upwards, she was within such a short distance of the summit. It was not within the limits

of her courage to go alone, so she involuntarily glanced towards Captain Ashworth.

"Miss Lester," he said, "you were committed to my care. Had I been more watchful, I might have seen that you were undertaking more than you could accomplish, and perhaps have prevented your suffering from fatigue. That is delinquency enough; I will not add to it by abandoning my aunt's charge. But if Miss Wallis will go on with the boy, I will return with you, it is not the first time in my life that I have driven a donkey."

The proposition pleased all parties. Hope, with her rustic guide, went gaily upwards, and the two others returned slowly to Belleve.

"You are no believer in the supernatural?" observed Ada to her companion.

"Honestly, I must answer, No. I have been told that when old houses are taken down there is often sufficient dislodgment of parts, cracked beams, and other causes to explain all groans, murmurs, knocks, and night-noises which have ever alarmed the timid or bewildered the sensible."

"I hope nothing will happen to her," said Ada, looking back once more.

"What could happen?" said Captain Ashworth, with a lazy, ironical laugh. "With her light, active step, she will be up and down again some time before we reach the hotel."

CHAPTER XIX.—WHAT HOPE SAW.

CAPTAIN ASHWORTH was partly right. Hope, with her light, elastic step, ascended the hill easily, but the way proved longer than she expected. The path, at first well trodden, was soon marked only in places, the green turf having obliterated it for a longer or shorter space, but it appeared again every now and then, so that it presented no prospect of being difficult to find. The young guide leading, they walked on in silence, skirting a small forest belt, where the tall pines formed a border line to the green grass, and then for a short distance followed a path which wound upwards under the trees, but less steep than by the open and more direct way. Here the waters of a rushing torrent could be heard though not seen, the same, Hope supposed, that Captain Ashworth had described as thundering below at the back of the ruin. Through the trees, the broken walls occasionally seen looked both picturesque and gloomy. This was romance. Even practical Hope felt the magic charm of the scene and situation. All around was so new to her, even the sensations of pleasure and excitement to which her heart was beating. What news she would have for Nina—what tales of legend and adventure, and what interesting narrations she should be able to make on her return home! She heard in imagination her mother grieve over the tan and additional brown she must inevitably pick up this summer, and smiled contentedly at her present liberty to set such considerations a little on one side, yet all the same she dutifully pulled her hat more over her face. Mr. Fellowes, she knew, would laugh at her for climbing a high kill because a ruin on its summit was said to be haunted, but he would pat her on the head with some endearing epithet, praise her, and take her part, whatever she did. Oh that dear, dear Tarleton, how she longed to be there again!

As they emerged from under the trees on to the sloping sward, a ray of sunlight tipped with rich amber the highest point of the shattered tower,

which before had frowned so coldly in the gloom. "That is beautiful," thought Hope; "and strange, too, that I, matter-of-fact Hope Wallis, should be here, clambering, with no companion but this village lad, to visit a spot which has a ghost history connected with it."

She had now gained the summit, and was looking around her. At some distance farther up the valley, and overhanging part of it, was another château, in a less ruinous state than this one, having one tower and half another standing. Friends or foes, their respective lords must have been near neighbours. In those aggressive times, when might was generally right, and those whose code of chivalry it was to help the weak did not shrink from rapine or hard blows, even to the death, in order to obtain the booty they desired, these castles were the strongholds of many a marauding baron, and most probably had each a real startling tale of its own without recourse to the supernatural.

Hope was curious, and tried to extract some information from her uncouth attendant. He had something to say, and jabbered on in his rough dialect with earnestness. He pointed here and there, but all in an unintelligible patois which had no meaning for her. In a few minutes, however, he did contrive, by the use of two or three French words and some ungainly pantomime, to make her understand that he wanted to go down. Hope, quite unsatisfied, signified in her way a wish to remain. The lad insisted upon returning, making her comprehend that he had work to do at the hotel. To descend immediately that she had gained the summit was too disappointing—not to be thought of. She preferred returning alone. The path was easy enough to find, for, except for a few paces under the trees, it had been in sight of the ruin all the way. The river, too, was a sure guide. There it was, at the bottom of the hill, a dark line, looking like a hedge of foliage, on account of the fringe of trees that bordered it. Hope felt that she had only to descend almost in a straight direction, cross the bridge at the bottom, and go home by the road, not more than half an hour's walk. To one of her country tastes, accustomed to walk everywhere at Tarleton unattended, there was nothing formidable in this, so she permitted the boy to depart, and seated herself on the broken wall to enjoy the view.

Heated with her walk, Hope thought that the dark green ivy clinging to the riven tower looked particularly cool and refreshing, tempting her to snatch some of its leaves from the grey stone as others had done, for scattered branches lay on the ground, and some hung down, rent by a profane hand from its wonted support. The passing traveller did come here sometimes, she knew, and shepherds crossed the hills with their sheep. No one was visible now; her guide, too, was out of sight, so, after looking about her with a kind of hazy enjoyment of everything, she resumed her musings. Mrs. Ashworth's dear face now stood out on the canvas of her mind. How pleasant it would be to converse with her again, and tell her of some changes that had passed within herself. Something she owed to her old friend. Her instructions and example had early impressed Hope with respect and veneration. They had, as it were, ploughed and prepared the soil for the reception of good seed. What Mrs. Ashworth had commenced, association with Ada Lester continued. This fragile girl, aware of the character of

her illness, yet ever cheerful, able to look onward without fear and upward with smiles, gave to the same principles a reality they had never possessed before. Like assimilates best to like; so youth learns more easily to shape its thoughts and opinions after the fashion of those of an equal age than from the counsels of maturer years. Its natural tendency to admire what is lofty, generous, or good, moves with irresistible force when the object of the emotion is young like itself. Mrs. Ashworth's consistent life had in it all the beauty of age. As a rich landscape at declining day, the points and angles usually visible somewhere were toned down into a harmonious whole, and a mellowing light from the sun that had risen on her soul infused a soft and touching influence around her. Hope had felt it, but as something distant and unattainable, to be honoured rather than imitated. The bridge of years separated the two lives too completely for Hope to expect to tread in her steps for a long while to come. Many revolutions of the springtime must pass before the fruits of experience can be gathered. With Ada it was different. Though younger than herself, she felt more on an equality, Ada's character in some respects having ripened faster, while in others Hope had the advantage. From Ada radiated a winsome grace as well as a nameless interest, which operated upon Hope's mind without her knowing it. The two girls were well suited, and entirely dependent on each other for all the warmth that affectionate intercourse infused into their foreign life, Mrs. Stanmore being by habit and disposition more sensibly kind than expansive.

Hope, seated in a comfortable niche on the crumbling wall, in that witching hour and place, found herself comparing their characters and prospects—her own natural craving for happiness, which in her eyes meant a life of activity and usefulness spent with those she loved, and the early closing of the languid existence of her friend. It was beguiling to think and wonder what the future would be; but Hope was neither romantic nor sentimental, facts and realities were more in her way. In less than a month she would be at home again, and her heart even then yearned for the ties left behind, though the summer had been a happy one in many respects. Her promise to Mrs. Ashworth was among the least pleasant of her meditations. Notwithstanding Piers's irritability and frequent ill-humour she had endeavoured to fulfil it. That he was thankless and often uncourteous had not changed her line of conduct; she had been patient and forbearing for his mother's sake, not for his own. Yet she regretted that after three months' acquaintance she should not have succeeded in vanquishing his prejudice against her. At that moment the love of all things was upon her—how could she feel vexed or angry, when the present scene pleased her so much, and the time of going home was so near? For the sake of olden times, when he was so kind and good to her, she wished to feel more friendly towards him, but the Piers of her childhood was gone. The friend and playmate of whom she used to be so fond, who had so often screened or defended her when she was likely to get into disgrace, was altogether a different person from the Captain Ashworth of to-day. Well she remembered tearing a new frock with brambles, and being found by him in tears, afraid to go home, and his taking her to "The Bower" for Mrs. Ashworth to mend the rents, and afterwards accompanying her home, where, with more kindness than truth,

he took the blame of the disaster upon himself. "How changed he is; and why? It must be because I am connected with Clarice. I am not plainer than I was when a child."

Hope was by no means plainer; her bright, sensible face and sparkling eyes, the mobile mouth, which so quickly quivered, responsive to the tenderness of her heart, had already converted her into a charming young woman. Though contrary to the fact that such knowledge is in general easily acquired by her sex, Hope was in ignorance of it. Suddenly recollecting that each time she spoke to Captain Ashworth, as they were ascending the hill, she had found him looking at her with an expression approaching to surprise, she bethought herself of her natural carelessness. "Something wrong, I suppose; surely I cannot have put my hat on hind-part before, either Ada or Belton would have observed it; besides, I never do those things now." To convince herself that she had not perpetrated such a solecism in her toilet, Hope removed her hat and examined it. There was nothing out of order; the feather did not even stick up as it sometimes did, but reposed as it ought to do, curling the graceful fluff correctly over the stem. "Poor Ray, I wonder if he is happy!"

By some transition of thought not very obvious Hope said this as she replaced her hat on her head, her little face assuming a more serious look than it had yet worn. If his heart were set upon reconciliation with Piers, she feared it would often ache. Not only Captain Ashworth had never, that she knew, mentioned his cousin, but it did not appear that one iota of the bitterness that marriage had caused was diminished. "And yet he has some good in him," thought Hope. Since they came to Bellerive, on more than one occasion she had seen him kind to children and tender to the aged; she had seen him in the hayfield take the rake from the hands of one of the villagers who was old and rather ailing, and do a good hour's work while she rested. She had known him rescue from a dry and deep well, at some inconvenience to himself, the pet lamb of a little girl who belonged to the laundress of the establishment. But he was resentful. Hope knew, and grieved to know, that Ray was unforgiven.

It was at this stage of her reflections that, becoming conscious of a change in the atmosphere, she thought it would be wise to go down. Having no watch, she had no idea of the time. Was it later than she imagined? How long had she sat there? No ray of sunshine was anywhere to be seen, only a cold hue was upon everything, and a bluish grey mantle enveloped the distant hills. There had been so little sunlight where she was, that its absence did not attract her attention until now. The sun must have set some little while, for a gloom was fast creeping up the valley, and yet it could not be really late, for the air was warm and pleasant. It scarcely cooled her cheek, though gently waving the long green blades that grew at her feet. Before going she must take another look around her, in order to fix in her memory the outline of the ruins with which, after all, she had as yet taken no trouble to become acquainted. She must search for the count's grave, or imagine a suitable spot for it; she must have something to tell Belton, some little bit of courage or adventure to boast of. The desire was nearer its fulfilment than she had any idea. The resolve was no sooner made than she became aware that she was not alone.

She listened motionless. There was no sound distinct but the chirping of the grasshopper near, and the rushing roar of the torrent below yet Hope felt an indefinable alarm, and a conviction that the solemn stillness was changed. She felt sure that some being, man or beast, or—in the first cold chill that crept over her she hesitated for another name—something palpable or impalpable, was not far off; that it was within the walled enclosure on which she sat, and that she had only to turn her head to see—what? She was afraid even to permit her mind to imagine.

Her heart beat fast, and then seemed to stand still; her spirit quaked in spite of herself, nor could she help wishing that the conversations below, especially the ridiculing of Belton, had not taken place. "It was foolish talk and made her nervous," said the brave little woman, trying to argue away the fears that were taking possession of her. "Besides, reality could not be more painful than her present state of irrational alarm; she must put an end to it, or she should grow weaker and weaker."

Gathering up her nerves for the effort, she turned her head and glanced behind her. Her senses, or instincts, whichever produced the impression, had not deceived her. There was something or some one there. A grey and brown object, which she felt certain was not inside the ruins when she first arrived on the summit, was distinctly visible. It was huddled up against the rock; and, as her eye rested upon it, the thing, whatever it was, moved, and, in a crawling, shambling way, came towards her.

RECOLLECTIONS OF RUGBY UNDER TAIT.



ALL the world knows Rugby under Arnold, and, if I mistake not, some attempts have already been made to describe Rugby under Tait. But it

may not be superfluous to put on paper a few recollections of that period.

It was a time when the numbers of the school were increasing to a higher figure than had been reached before, so that in 1846 and 1848 there were about 480 boys. The character of the school was also well kept up. It was the desire of Arnold's successor to continue Arnold's work, and it has been a matter of thankfulness with him that he was enabled to do so. Not that the merit was due to him alone. He was supported by several masters of Arnold's choice, and he added to them, as occasion required, men who were worthy of the school, one of them, moreover, having been Arnold's pupil.

There are two ideas concerning assistant masters: one is that they are ushers under the head master; the other that they have a limited amount of independence, each being a king in his own boarding-house, and all bound together, not so much by subjection to the head master, as by a common desire to promote the welfare of their school. This latter idea, it is needless to say, was treated with its due honour by Arnold.

The same view was held by Dr. Tait. There was no attempt to interfere with the independent spirit which had been encouraged by his great predecessor, and the harmony that prevailed was, I believe, unbroken. The monitorial or præpostorial system was also maintained. By virtue of it bullying was reduced to a minimum, and at the same time there was a wholesome control exercised over the members of the sixth form, who had the præpostorial powers and privileges, inasmuch as none of the lower boys would scruple to appeal to the tutor against any arbitrary or tyrannical conduct on the part of a præpostor. The boarding-houses were kept in order mainly by this system, with very little interference of the master. The right to fag the lower boys, which was a kind of compensation to the sixth for their trouble in keeping order, was generally exercised in a mild and legitimate way, because there was an obvious incongruity in acts of oppression being committed by those who were liable to be called upon to repress and punish such acts when committed by others. There was, however, one imperfection of this system which was remedied in Dr. Tait's time. This was the system of shirking, which was a miserable compromise between allowing and not allowing the lower boys to take a walk into the country. The said lower boys, while taking such a walk, were not only troubled in conscience, but kept in terror of their bodily well-being, inasmuch as a master or a præpostor might be met, and in that case they must run, and run hard too, on pain of severe punishment for contempt of lawful authority, until the magic word "on" was pronounced in their bearing. If they were suspected of smoking, or otherwise acting suspiciously, "back" would be very properly called, and they had to make explanations or receive punishments. Occasionally two masters on horseback would chase unfortunate boys over hedge and ditch, and bring them to bay at the riverside or elsewhere. This was much resented, as it looked as if the masters were using their victims for their own amusement. The remedy was obvious. It was to abolish shirking, and to pronounce certain places positively out of bounds and forbidden.

Connected with the præpostorial system there were occasionally some amusing difficulties; serious enough, indeed, at the time, for the parties concerned,

but very amusing in the retrospect. In October, 1845, the fifth-form boys, who occupied a middle position between the sixth and the fags, took offence at an invasion of their privileges perpetrated by some member of the sixth, held stormy *levées*, at which they listened to the eloquent declamations of one of their number who seemed to have republican tendencies, took to carrying canes in the town and playgrounds, as the sixth were allowed to do, and finally were put down with a strong hand by the head master, as if they had been insurgent ritualists, who needed a Public Worship Bill to bring them to their senses.

Again, in March, 1848, Dr. Tait being away from Rugby in consequence of illness, the school was very much excited by the Regifugium which had taken place in France in the preceding February, and a little spark kindled a memorable conflagration. A trivial offence against discipline, for which there were special excuses, was committed by a lower boy, and the penalty of an imposition in writing was inflicted by a sixth-form boy. The lower boy appealed to his tutor, who, without speaking to the sixth-form boy, told the appellant not to do the punishment. The sixth were furious. Their injured representative caned the boy who refused to do the punishment for him, and now the masters were scandalised, and the fags were disposed to rise in rebellion against the sixth. *Levées* of the sixth were held day after day. Violent counsels seemed about to prevail, but a sensible compromise was proposed and accepted, which satisfied the masters, and on the following morning the brilliant and eloquent master, who temporarily taught the sixth, delivered a harangue, in which he declared that he was proud of having to deal with such a body, for they had displayed the distinguishing quality of British soldiers on a field of battle—moderation under excitement.

But the fags had not cooled down as yet. A leader was chosen to be the spokesman of their grievances at a monster meeting to be held in the quadrangle, at nine o'clock on the morning of the 18th of March. But little or nothing came of it. At half-past nine, as the first division of the sixth were proceeding to the library for a lesson in mathematics, the last small representative of the monster meeting was seen in the act of being pursued round the pillars of the quadrangle and into the school-house hall by a master small of stature but of great moral courage. This, however, was by no means the end of the affair. In thorough contempt of the proceedings of their adversaries, some members of the sixth, who ought to have been otherwise employed, tossed out of the library window a mock invitation to the fags, written in Greek, to assemble after calling-over in the afternoon of that day. This was picked up by a master, who took it as a sign that the fifth must be joining with the fags, for no one under the fifth could write such good Greek, or know the proper word for "calling-over." The president of the committee of masters ordered his sixth pupils to bring the ringleaders to him, by physical force, if necessary; but, happily, some aristocratic visitors appeared, like a *Deus ex machina*, that afternoon at his house, and he took the opportunity of showing them over the great school in the presence of the boys, astonished at so unusual a spectacle, after calling-over. Of course nothing happened, as nothing was intended to happen. The

fifth were on this occasion on the side of the sixth, and would have assisted them in an emergency, as the middle classes of England stood by the Government and the army as special constables on the 10th of April of the same year, in London, when a more formidable monster meeting melted into thin air.

Rugby was Conservative at that time. The Liberal masters might hope that their pupils would be as they were after a few years had rolled over their heads, but the boys generally did not show signs of such conversion. Scarcely half a dozen Liberals formed the opposition in the debating society, where, with some ignorance and presumption, such subjects as the Sugar Duties, the Silent System in Prisons, and the Union of Church and State, were solemnly discussed. One of the few Liberals, however, was a future Cabinet Minister, the late First Lord of the Admiralty. In the Museum, or Upper Middle School, he made his first essays in denunciation of Tories, such as that with which he was to favour the City of London in his pride of place as head of the poll.

The puerile efforts of Rugbeian literature were at that time embodied in a work called the "Rugby Miscellany," which came chronologically between "The Rugbeian" and "The New Rugbeian." Of its merits I do not remember much, but it is worthy of note that its editors dedicated it to the head master, with expressions of sincere admiration and attachment. He was certainly regarded with respect and esteem by those who did not know him well enough or possess insight enough to wax enthusiastic in his praises. He was never gushing himself, and he had scarcely yet developed that freedom of manly speech which he attained in a new position, and after trial in the fire by his crushing sorrows at Carlisle. He was not an adept at scolding, and whether from forbearance or some other cause, the private lecture sometimes halted in a manner which made the position of the recipient an awkward one. The tables were turned upon him, however, when, after his severe illness, and subsequent absence, he had to stand in presence of the sixth form and of a piece of plate, listening to the embarrassed panegyric of the spokesman of the donors.

It would scarcely be respectful to speak of the pulpit instructions of a living Archbishop of Canterbury; indeed the whole subject is fraught with danger of personality, but my own feeling was that there was scarcely enough of such instructions. One quarter of an hour per week, though strictly after Arnold's example, is a short time, however it may satisfy the majority. The pulpit of the chapel was not seldom occupied by one whose praise is in the churches, the late Bishop Cotton, then master of the fifth. It is the delight of boys at a public school to observe the special characteristics of their several masters, and, at the time now spoken of, the four senior assistants were most interesting subjects of observation. The calm even-handed justice of the lower middle fifth was contrasted with the tendency to affectionate predilection and irrepressible dislike sometimes manifested in the upper fifth. The kindly nature of the venerable master of the upper middle fifth received a fitting recognition long afterwards, when at a dinner of old Rugbeians, in London, a present was made to him by his old pupils, and after the assembly had duly cheered him, the call was made, "Ansteyites, one cheer more," and his old pupils, scattered among the guests, rose again by themselves, and did honour to their old friend. Not

a few owe a special debt of gratitude to the sparkling, stimulating, clever teaching of the master of the twenty, to whom no subject seemed to come amiss. Those were happy days, I believe, both to masters and to boys, especially to the elder boys, who had a useful work assigned to them, and were admitted to much kindly intercourse and pleasant hospitality with their tutor and his friends. For those who have not been in this position, college life may be the beau-ideal, but I am free to confess that I preferred Rugby under Tait.

J. P. L.

THE LAST SPANISH REVOLUTION.

"RESTORATION of the Bourbons" we would head this paper if the event belonged to any country but Spain. The changes are there so frequent and swift as to show little analogy with the movements in the history of other nations. The French have an anecdote about an old marquis who, on hiring a valet, explained that one of his duties, on calling him in the morning, would be to inform him each day under what form of government he awoke. For the last forty years, since the death of Ferdinand VII in 1833, Spain has been in perpetual disturbance; revolution has almost been the normal condition of affairs. To say nothing of the "civil wars" caused by Don Carlos, father and son (rebellions, we should rather call them, like those of the old and young Pretender in our history), the throne has never been stable for any number of years. The revolutions have usually taken the form of military *pronunciamientos*, sometimes with profession of some political principle, but more frequently the result of personal intrigue or ambition. As long ago as 1843, Serrano, then a young general, was united with Prim, Narvaez, and Ortega, in a movement which resulted in the young Queen Isabella taking her full place among the sovereigns of Europe.

Never had queen a more unfortunate introduction into public life. When little more than an infant she had been proclaimed queen under the regency of her mother, Maria Christina. Then followed a period of civil strife, in which at last Espartero appeared as the better genius of Spain. But at thirteen she was declared by the Cortes to have attained her majority, and at the age of sixteen she was married to serve the intrigues of a dominant party. Her reign was one long political struggle between contending factions. In 1860 General Ortega, then Captain-General of the Balearic Isles, proclaimed the reign of the Count de Montemolin. Five years later there was a movement at Valencia, the leaders of which had not time to issue a programme. In 1866 General Prim again appeared on the troubled scene, and was again obliged to retire into exile. The manner of his return must be still fresh in the recollection of our readers. Now it was the declaration of the fleet that initiated the revolution. In a brief space Queen Isabella was dethroned, and took refuge in France, and a Republic was proclaimed.

The enthusiasm with which the Republic was welcomed was soon cooled by the difficulties that beset it. The thoughtful men of all countries had witnessed with satisfaction the termination of a reign marked only by the scandalous abuses of high privilege, and hailed the proclamation of civil and religious liberty as the possible beginning of a new

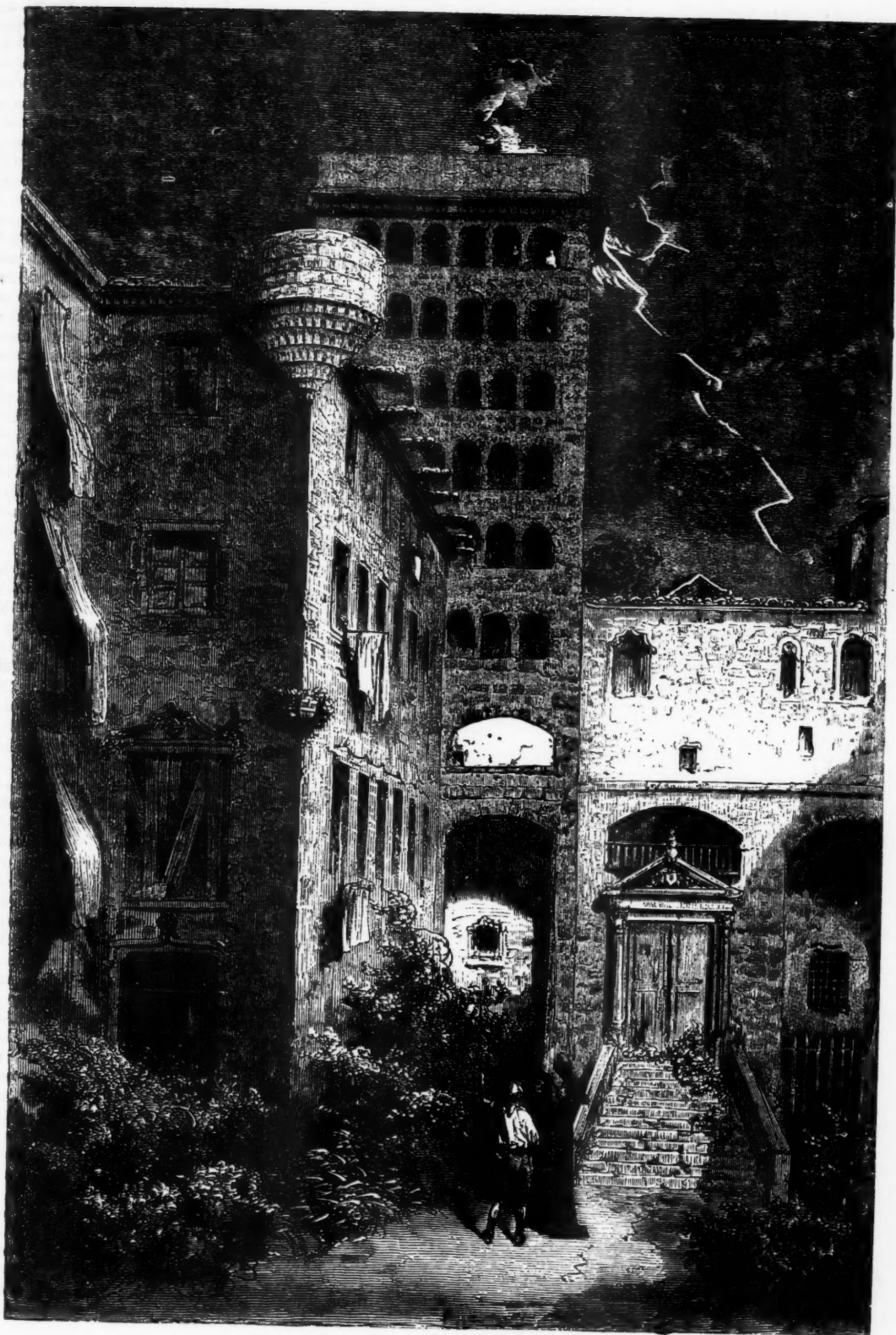
era. The emancipation of Spain was, however, as yet but a dream; the country was not ripe for its opportunity. We have since seen the Unitarian Republic vainly striving to establish a central authority; and the Federal Republic endeavouring to model itself on the theory of independent States, an ending only in a chaos of insurrection. The interposition of King Amadeo did not bring stability, for notwithstanding his gallant loyalty to the Constitution, the Spanish prejudice against a foreigner soon bore down the fickle allegiance of the people.

In the intervals of these greater changes one ministerial crisis followed another, till government seemed the uncertain stake of the boldest intriguers, and the ancient dignity of Spain became its bitterest reproach. Its best men had no power to build on the shifting sands. Its politics were as easily shaken as a kaleidoscope, but never fell into any reconstructive distribution of parties. At last came the dissolution of the Cortes by General Pavia, and the establishment of an almost absolute dictatorship under Marshal Serrano; but still the Carlist insurrection gained ground, and it was found impossible to organise an army pervaded with one sentiment, and strong enough to crush it. In this utter failure of all experiments to rule, the revolving wheel brought young Alfonso back to the throne of his mother—the son and heir of Isabella to return to the palace from which she had been expelled.

It is already matter of history how Marshal Serrano left Madrid, ostensibly to take command of the Army of the North; how General Martinez Campos went secretly to Valencia, and there arranged another *pronunciamiento*; how the capital responded, under the action of General Primo di Rivera; and how Alfonso XII received the congratulations of the army and the summons of his country, on the last day of the old year, while sojourning at Paris. It was at Barcelona that he first landed, the city of so many Republican tumults, at the water-stairs at the foot of the Palace of Peace, and from that point he proceeded on horseback, in triumphal procession, amid the enthusiasm of the multitude, to the cathedral, where a "Te Deum" was celebrated. "Peace," he said, "is the happiness of nations, and I have been called to restore it to Spain." "Of the titles I bear, the one of which I am proudest is that of Count of Barcelona." The next day his Majesty re-embarked, and the squadron proceeded to Valencia, the scene of the *pronunciamiento*. A few days more, and Madrid gave him a welcome as magnificent as it had given a few years before to King Amadeo.

The young prince, who, like the Prince Imperial at Woolwich, had been entered a pupil at Sandhurst at the commencement of the last term, in order to complete his military studies, was born at Madrid on November 28, 1857. He is fortieth in direct descent from Don Pelayo, who raised the standard of the Christians in the mountains of Galicia in 716 A.D. The long pedigree is linked together by nine female representatives. Alfonso XII is undoubtedly the representative of all this long line, according to the ancient laws of Spain; and he thus combines in his person, as has been remarked, the modern constitutionalism of Spanish history, such as it is, with the prestige of representing the early Alfonsos, the patriot kings, who were Spanish every inch, and the memory of whose deeds in court and camp is so dear to all true Castilians.

Barcelona, where Alfonso first touched the soil



PRISON OF THE INQUISITION AT BARCELONA.

of Spain, has, like other towns of the Peninsula, its memories of the Inquisition. Will the young king go back on the reactionary path which would reinstate the church of those dark times in exclusive power? The Pope promptly gave him his blessing. The first acts of the new Government also were interpreted as hostile to Protestantism, and almost the first circular they issued promised favour to the priests. But the young king, before he left Paris, wrote to Herr von Schmerling, who conducted his education at Vienna, that he could not better prove his gratitude than by ruling in the truly liberal spirit which had been inculcated in him during his residence at Vienna, where he had resided before coming to England. There was also reason to believe that the Prime Minister, Canovas de Castillo, who was selected as guide and councillor of the prince only after a bitter opposition on the part of the Ultramontanes had been overcome, was, like his royal pupil, animated by the best will in favour of as liberal a government as possible. "I am an *Alfonso expectante*," he once said, when challenged in the Republican Cortes to say what he really was; and his courageous consistency and high character have been recognised by all parties. Has he the power to withstand the influence of the nobility and clergy? The question may be decided, like other sudden changes of policy, before these pages appear. A letter written to the "Times" from Madrid, just after the proclamation of Alfonso, describes the position of affairs as it appeared to observers on the spot:—"Though the rights of foreigners to profess any religion they please and to celebrate their worship in private are secured by treaty, yet the abolition of the Religious Liberty Clause of the Constitution of 1869 would prevent them celebrating it in public, and would at once close all the churches of the foreign residents of the Peninsula. But the greatest mischief would be inflicted on the native Protestant churches, of which there are many in Madrid, as also in Saragossa, Cadiz, Seville, Barcelona, Santander, San Fernando, San Sebastian, Malaga, Jerez, Valencia, Alicante, Huelva, etc. These, with their Sunday and day schools, are all in peril of being closed, and no little alarm exists in the minds of their supporters, who have had six years' freedom from all molestation. There is every probability that the battle of civil and religious liberty is about to be fought over again in Spain. The foreign press can do much to deter the king's councillors from too restrictive a policy, and the foreign powers can, at this juncture, exercise a moral influence over the Spanish Government which may deter it from outraging the spirit of the age by a return to the old days of priestcraft and superstition."

When this reaction was threatened, the reported interference of Prince Bismarck was hailed with satisfaction in all free countries. There have been times in the history of England when her voice would be raised the first and firmest in the cause of civil and religious liberty.

LONDON SCHOOL BOARD COMMITTEES.

THE School Board for London has been called an educational parliament. It holds its authority direct from the ratepayers, who are thus taxed by their own representatives. The "Times" has recently advocated a new municipal government for

London, and the constitution of the School Board is put forward as a model for imitation. Certain it is that the members elected to the first Board in 1870 set themselves in right earnest to ascertain and meet the educational deficiencies of the metropolis, and nothing was allowed to hinder their purpose. When the second Board was elected in 1873, it was feared that working might give place to heated disputation, but that these fears were groundless the labours of the year now passed abundantly testify. The policy of the Board has not only been maintained, but its work has been carried on with fidelity and zeal.

The daily press records in a condensed form the decisions arrived at each week, and so great an amount of business seems to be done that the public are naturally interested in knowing by what machinery it is brought to perfection. As in all other administrative bodies, the real work is done in committees, and of these it is proposed here to give a description. There are six standing or principal committees—viz., (1) Statistical, (2) Works, (3) Byelaws, (4) School Management, (5) Finance, and (6) Industrial Schools.

THE STATISTICAL COMMITTEE.

The initiation of all business lies, as a matter of course, with the Statistical Committee, acting under the authority of the Board. As the educational census of the metropolis (1870) is the basis of all calculations, so this committee is made responsible for every recommendation of fresh school provision. The whole of London is blocked out in minute squares, the actual population fixed for each, the names of all children of school age recorded, and the precise deficiency or excess of school places is declared. Deficiencies being thus unquestioned, the consideration follows as to the exact spot to place the school, with a view (1) to meet the convenience of the poor; (2) to avoid needless proximity to existing efficient schools; (3) to secure a school fee suitable to the ability of the parents.

The sole object of the committee has been to provide for every child of school age not provided for by any existing efficient school, a good elementary education at a reasonable charge. In passing over the London railways, the School Board schools are easily recognised, and it is often asked why greater prominence is not given to them—so much having been paid for sites, why not have good frontages and handsome elevations? The answer is simple. The object being education and not show, the sites have been secured just where the children are. Removed from crowded thoroughfares, dangerous for little children, the sites so chosen have been often much more costly, because there has been no choice but to purchase property from reluctant vendors in the very midst of valuable tenements. It was quite natural for the managers of voluntary schools to place their buildings alongside the church or the chapel to which they belong; but the School Board, having no denominational ends to serve, and no religious connection, must have a central position. In addition to new schools, those proposed to be transferred to the Board are also examined by this committee, which deals with all the conditions of suitability and freedom from all undesirable restrictions of trust. Thus, therefore, is the committee responsible for the adoption of existing schools and the authorisation of purchase of freehold ground for new ones.

THE WORKS COMMITTEE.

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scheduling of the properties for Parliament, the negotiations for purchase and the building of the schools, lies with the Works Committee. This is a very responsible duty. Many sites have to be taken, like railway lands, by compulsory powers, and much time is consumed by this operation, involving arbitration and legal awards; and others are valued at exorbitant prices, because it often becomes known that the Board desires, and in fact must secure, them. When it is remembered that this committee is charged to acquire one hundred and forty of these separate properties, frequently covered with tenements and belonging to different and hostile owners, it may be imagined how anxious the work is. Still, at the date of the issue of this paper, schools will have been taken over or erected with places for eighty-nine thousand children, and about ninety-three thousand on the school roll. Thirty of the schools were planned, under competition, by various architects; but in 1872 the Board appointed its own architect, at a salary, thus greatly facilitating the work, and saving largely in the item of commission. The Board has exceeded the cubic space required by Government for rate-aided schools, giving to each child nine cubic feet instead of eight, and this has been sanctioned by the department, whose assent has to be obtained for every site and building and plan before the funds are voted.

THE BYE-LAWS COMMITTEE.

The school being finished—and these attractive structures may now be seen all over London, built in red and yellow brick, and surmounted by a tower, bell, and lightning conductor—the next question is how to fill it. With great sagacity the Board has hired and opened temporary schools wherever it was erecting new permanent schools, and in these, children have been gathered and held in readiness to be drafted at once into their new homes. In addition to this, visitors, about twenty in each division, each with an assigned district, are engaged in the neighbourhood of each school, persuading and requiring parents to select some efficient school to send their children to. These visitors are chosen by local committees, who have regard to the fact that they know the locality and are accustomed to visit the poor, whose confidence and respect they have. So great has been the efficiency of this plan that 32,325 children have been thus brought in, and not only to Board Schools, but to existing denominational schools, since the visitor in no case points out the schools to be selected by the parent. The only way of escape is under the half-time system, arranged for those who, between the ages of ten and thirteen, are beneficially in work, and the passing of the fifth standard of the new code.

It is not to be supposed that in a population like London there are not many neglectful and careless parents and others who endeavour to evade the law, and for the sake of the small earnings of the children—often much needed—send them to work. Others, again, are too poor to pay a school fee, and others cannot even find food and clothes for their children. All these difficulties have to be met and overcome, the settled purpose being to have the child in school. Benevolent persons often provide the morning meal and the shoes; guardians are required to pay the school fee for the children of outdoor paupers; the Board, upon application, remits the fee in its own schools and pays the fee in other schools for the children of indigent persons, and all

reasonable excuses are allowed. Then as to the rest, warning after warning is given, penalties are threatened, summonses are issued to appear before the local committee, and if all these efforts fail, the cases are taken before the local magistrate, who makes the order for school attendance. The equitable administration of the law is tending to reconcile the classes most concerned, but it is easily conceived that this is the least pleasant duty in connection with the entire work of the Board. Still, it is done, gradually and firmly, by the Bye-laws Committee, who in all its work has had the sanction and approval of the Government Department.

To effect this result great pains have been bestowed. In one half year—June 19th, 1874—over 40,000 notices were served, and summonses were taken out for 3,480 parents. In 2,000 cases fines were inflicted, and the rest sent their children. There were also 3,638 excused as being disabled—213 being blind, 340 deaf and dumb, and 1,400 crippled. The “floating” population of London is large. In vessels, barges, boats, tenders, and docks they abound, and the shifting of families on land become a great disturber of statistical certainties. The urban population walks out by thousands over the bridges at night, and by thousands each day the rural population comes in to dwell in the modern Babylon. Altogether it is estimated that the carrying out of the operations of the Bye-laws Committee may be taken to cost £20,000 per annum.

SCHOOL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE.

The School Management Committee has the entire control of all the Board Schools. Each one is under the care of local managers, who nominate the teachers and the staff for appointment; and, being on the spot, these managers act as visitors. Everything recommended must pass through the divisional members of the Board, who are *ex-officio* members of all committees. The schools are graded in three departments—boys, girls, and infants. Class-rooms are attached to each main school, with glazed doors, and divisible by sliding partitions. The rooms are lofty, airy, and cheerful, adorned with pictures and scientific diagrams. Double desks with backs for two children at each are provided, and these are so arranged as to give ample gangways, intersecting and allowing passage round the room. The utmost attention has been paid to the ventilation and lighting of these class-rooms, which are warmed with open stoves. Cloak-rooms are provided, and lavatories, and in each room there is an ample supply of filtered water. Great cost has been incurred to secure playgrounds, open and covered, and in some few cases, where land has been very dear, the top of the building is used as a place for airy recreation. Drawing is taught to all children, and special drawing-rooms are constructed, and instruction in singing and drill is given by special masters. Every girl is taught needlework, and inspectors are appointed by the Board, who constantly examine and report upon all studies. These visits prepare the way for the Government inspectors, who examine and report upon all subjects except “the principles of religion and morality.” The religious teaching given in Board Schools is limited “to reading the Bible, and such instruction therefrom, by the teacher alone, in the principles of religion and morality, as is suited to the capacity of young children.” Generally a hymn is sung, and a short form of prayer (usually the Lord’s Prayer) is repeated by the children. Not more than a very few

children have ever been withdrawn from any school because of this instruction. The schools assemble only on five days in the week. Saturday is a holiday, and the schoolrooms are let where it is desired, at a fixed charge, for use on Sundays "for Sunday school purposes." The great drawbacks are irregularity and unpunctuality of attendance, but each quarter the average attendance is improving. No child is actually counted present if not in time, and, though there when entering late, the school and the teacher lose the value of its presence. Nothing will remedy this great defect but increased interest on the part of parents, who are generally to blame for the irregular attendance of children.

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS COMMITTEE.

Many persons suppose that the Education Act of 1870 was intended to give powers to capture every idle boy in the streets, and by placing him in safe custody, to keep the streets clear of vagabonds. No doubt it would be a pleasant thing to purge our thoroughfares and public highways of all that is vile and ruffianly, but this is not the duty of the School Board. The neglect of former generations has left this penalty to be borne, and it must be admitted that there is more coarse and brutal language and conduct in the streets of the metropolis than is found in any capital of Europe or America; but the loafing, tipping, blaspheming blackguard must be dealt with in other fashion than that adopted by the School Board. Waifs and strays of both sexes within school age, and under certain conditions, may be hunted up and run down by the Board, and officers are appointed who daily make raids upon the juvenile rascaldom of London. A child must be brought within the scope of "Denison's Act" to entitle the beadle to touch him; he must either be found begging or receiving alms, he must be outcast or homeless or uncontrollable, and if he has a parent or guardian, the magistrate who deals with the case makes an order for the payment of a weekly contribution towards the cost. But for this check multitudes of children would be thrown upon the ratepayers for support, for it is a very popular thing to be sent to some industrial schools, and parents are eager to get their boys on training-ships that they may "go to sea." At the present time the chairman of the Board reports that 3,000 cases have been dealt with. Most of these had been placed in certified industrial schools. For Roman Catholic children there are schools provided by the Romish Church, and no Protestant children go to these schools. Hitherto, the School Board has made contributions at so much a head for the children sent, but recently the School Board has opened an industrial school of its own at Brentwood, the management of which will compare very favourably with the older institutions. Here the children are taught trades, so that in addition to their elementary education, they go out into the world prepared to earn an honest livelihood. Where the boys have good physical strength—and few are really robust—they are sent to training-ships, of which there are several lying in the Thames and other parts round our coast. They are known by their old fighting names, the Warspite, the Goliath, the Formidable, etc., and being useless for active service, they are lent by the Admiralty, and fitted up by private subscription. At the present time the School Board has 250 boys on these ships, and the demand is so great for trained sailors that the boys are with difficulty

kept long enough for the purpose. Training-ships for boys for the merchant service effect the following very important objects:—(1) They save from habits of sloth and crime children of what we may most charitably call the neglected classes; (2) they convert these children into useful and good workers, thereby benefiting both the children and the State; (3) they supply a demand, and really a most urgent demand, for British boys to serve on board British merchant ships. Another set of children—boys and girls—have been sent, with their own consent and that of their relatives, if they are known to have any, to Canada. Here they are received with the greatest kindness into a home near Montreal, and thence they are fetched by farmers and traders who have settled down in the newly-peopled districts in these colonial regions. The children are regularly visited, and if unhappy or not kindly treated, they are removed, but few such cases have as yet arisen. Some of these feeble ones are adopted by childless parents, and all have wages as well as board allowed by their masters.

THE FINANCE COMMITTEE

Has to deal with all payments, large and small, for every teacher is paid by cheque, and punctually to the date. The treasurer of the Board is the Bank of England, and every item of expense allowed by the managers is sanctioned by this committee and voted by the Board. The account is audited by the Local Government Board, and each half-yearly balance sheet is said to take two months in auditing.

From this sketch some idea will be gained of the magnitude of the work undertaken by the Board, and when it is remembered that each year it must increase, it may well surprise the reader that gentlemen of such position and character give their services so unremittingly to the work. Each day some committees or sub-committees are convened, and they sit from one to four hours; then the Board meets at three o'clock every Wednesday, and a heavy paper of business has to be worked through before its rising. The press, as a rule, does not report the detail of work, while any discussion assuming a party character is pretty fully reported. This gives the public an impression that the Board is great in discussion and debate, and that its time runs much to waste, the fact being that many pages of real business are got through, the Board never allowing debates to stand in the way of practical work. It is most interesting to learn that from the first meeting of the Board a prayer meeting has been voluntarily held among the members previously to the sitting of the Board. These meetings have never been omitted, and men of various creeds unite in this service. The Board desires all its work to be done in a religious spirit, and thus it sets a noble example to teachers and managers.

It is altogether too early to expect a mark to be made upon the morals and the manners of the London multitude. It takes years to mould and to fashion the character of a people so long neglected and ignorant. This change can only come through a course of school life, and the influence and example of efficient and high-minded teachers. The children of the generation now being trained in the school will begin life under more favourable conditions than any former generation, and the whole nation will be the gainers by the uplifting and civilising influences at work in the metropolis.

UNDER CANVAS:

A LADY'S ADVENTURES IN THE HIMALAYAS.

II.

THREE o'clock, the hour we had settled to start, came at last, and we set off again; soberly enough at first, for it was decidedly hot, and we were all tired. Presently, Custard enlivened the party by trying to roll with me in a little stream we were fording, and we had to be ignominiously pulled out by Mr. Maxton, who saw my predicament, and galloped back to the rescue. This little event woke us all up, and we set off at a good canter, the road being fairly level, as we are still pretty low down. By-and-by, as it was getting dark, we caught the sound of another pony's hoofs galloping towards us. This turned out to be Captain Graydon, who had ridden down from Almorah to meet us, and bring the welcome news that we were near the bungalow at Peora. The long line of ponies got excited and broke into a gallop; the evening grew darker and darker, yet on we rode at a headlong pace through the chill night air, our enjoyment being only heightened by the slight feeling of danger, which arose from the unbounded confidence we were obliged to place in the wisdom and surefootedness of our ponies.

By half-past six we saw the lights of the bungalow twinkling in the distance, and in another minute had dismounted, feeling rather stiff, but all the better for the last gallop; there is nothing so tiring as going at a foot's pace. As dinner was to be soon ready, we went straight to our own room, to make ourselves a little tidy. It was depressing to find Bunnoo there, sitting on the top of my bath, groaning terribly; but as none of Mary's inquiries elicited any answer, except what could be given by redoubled sighs and moans, we turned her off the box, and soon got ourselves ready. I was rather disconcerted at having to reappear with my one respectable dress smelling strongly of spirits, the large flask which my mother had insisted upon filling with brandy having got unscrewed *en route*, and all its contents being emptied over my unlucky dress.

We are told one of our great difficulties will be in getting provisions for such a large party, and, though we are taking a quantity of hermetically-sealed eatables, every one warns us we shall have a scarcity. I wonder if we shall ever be reduced to the straits a gentleman I met the other day told me he had fallen into, when travelling in some out-of-the-way part of the hill districts. He had positively nothing to eat but cakes made of flour and water, chepatties, as they call them; and the enforced fast was the more provoking as he was travelling in a land of plenty, constantly passing flocks of sheep and comfortable-looking villages, whose inhabitants, however, steadily refused to sell him anything. Under these circumstances he hit upon the following ingenious device. He chose a convenient place, put up a bottle as a mark, and began to fire at it. A crowd of people immediately collected to see his performance, when presently he missed the bottle and happened—by the merest accident, of course—to hit a sheep which was feeding on the hillside a little above him. The villagers were more amused than angry; the story spread, and from that time forth he lived in great luxury; or, if anybody refused to sell, he had

only to take up his gun significantly, and the people laughed, and gave him what he wanted.

Whatever difficulties lie before us in the future, we are for the present, as I said before, in civilised regions. We have had a sumptuous dinner, only slightly disturbed at the end by a servant coming in to announce that all the bedding had been left behind! You may picture to yourself the indignation of the gentleman, and our faces of blank despair; but after a great deal of investigation, it was at last discovered that all the coolies had not yet arrived; so there was still hope, and sure enough in another hour the missing packages arrived. Now we are sitting rather dolefully waiting for the ayah (who has disappeared altogether) to come and make the beds; and just as I write I see her coming back, having apparently recovered her good-humour, and looking all the better for the dinner which she gives as a reason for her long delay.

Almorah, October 3rd.

We are spending a quiet Sunday here, and are all very glad of the rest, though it is early in the journey to be feeling knocked up. But I dare say we shall get more accustomed to the long rides as we go on, and nothing could be more fatiguing than the march we made yesterday; it was provoking, too, to feel that this was partly our own fault, for we were so lazy in the morning we unanimously agreed we could not start till after breakfast.

The orthodox arrangement is to start very early, get over half the march before breakfast, and then, finding a shady place to halt during the middle of the day, to go on again in the cool of the afternoon. We were punished for our indolence on Saturday, however; for, in the first place, if other people suffered as much as I did from the inhabitants of the dawk bungalow beds, sleep was nearly impossible. And then the heat spoiled all the enjoyment of our beautiful ride. It was pleasant enough when we started, for we were in the shade; but presently, when we got into the sun, and had to hold up heavy umbrellas for shelter, our troubles began. In the first few miles we kept up very bravely, the lovely scenery making up for a good deal of discomfort: grand mountains on every side, and here and there patches of cultivation, or pretty little villages perched picturesquely on the tops of the hills, surrounded by citron and pomegranate trees. By-and-by, however, as the sun beat down hotter and hotter upon our heads, we became too miserable to be roused by any views, however charming; thoughts and longings were all centred in the desire for rest and shade—I am only speaking, of course, of Mary and myself; the gentlemen may not have suffered so much, though even they became gradually very quiet.

We should have been most thankful for our dandies; but, as we had both declared before starting we should be sure not to want them, the jampannies had gone on with the other servants, and now pride prevented our asking the rest of the party to make a halt on our account. I do not think I can ever have understood what it was to be tired before;

and as we turned corner after corner, and still the road spread out interminably before us, I found myself indulging in reckless wishes that something would lame the pony, that somebody would tumble over the precipice, or, in short, that anything would happen that might force us to stop for a few minutes and rest. At last, just as we were passing a village, all the inhabitants turned out to meet us, carrying baskets full of pomegranates and plantains to present to us, and at the tempting sight we unanimously declared that we could go no further. In five minutes more we had all dismounted, and were lying about on the grass, luxuriating in the cool fruit and welcome shade.

I was very unwilling to make a fresh start. Several gentlemen, however, were coming out from Almorah to meet us; and, as it would never have done for the members of our great exploring expedition to be found, all in different attitudes, slumbering by the wayside, with some grumblings we mounted our ponies again, and rode into Almorah.

In my present dislike to all things civilised, Almorah strikes me as a most uninteresting little place. It is built on the top of a hill about 5,000 feet high, round which the road winds, without a tree or any green thing to be seen on either side of it. Still, bareness and ruggedness have attractions of their own; and I wish I could describe to you one place we passed through just before we reached the bottom of the hill. It was difficult to believe we had so lately left the busy, stirring villages and cultivated ground behind us; here everything looked as still and solemn as if it had never been disturbed, or even seen, by man before. We had suddenly turned into a deep ravine, and the little stream we had passed but half an hour ago (sparkling along as brightly and merrily as though it were playing with the big stones in the middle of its course, and enjoyed dashing its little waves against them, and then tumbling them back with a splash and a glitter where the sunlight caught the spray) now seemed itself oppressed and awed, and swept along quietly and swiftly in a dull, dark current. On each side the hills rose up perpendicularly, and seemed to be closing in upon us; huge boulders and masses of black rock lay scattered by the side of the path, and the whole place looked so inexpressibly dreary I was quite glad to escape from it at last. Even its grandeur made one sad, and we all, I think, felt relieved when we came out upon the dusty, commonplace Almorah road, and found the every-day life and movement going on all round us.

We are staying with very hospitable people here, who are inclined to pity and make much of us, in consideration of the long, wearying journey we have undertaken, the charms of which they do not understand. Indeed, every one who comes to see us has something to say about the difficulties ladies may expect to meet with; and Mary and I are much amused by the remarks of visitors, especially since we discovered that our remarkable costumes are supposed, by the good ladies of the place, to be the last Paris fashions just come out from home!

Almorah is the solitary town we shall pass through, so perhaps you may expect a description of it; as, however, we have only been out once for a drive in the cool of the evening, and as it is very like any other Indian station, I do not feel able to do it justice; besides, I must really take advantage of this quiet opportunity for writing, and without further

loss of time describe our party to you, and introduce you to all the people who are included in that little word "we."

Our two missing members having joined us here, we have made up our complete number of twelve persons, exclusive of servants. There are no less than three heads of the expedition. First: Colonel Marsey, who is our commander-in-chief, and a very despotic ruler; he settles without any possibility of appeal the great questions of when and where we are to halt, which way we are to go, and above all, what time we are to get up in the morning. He has a perfect knowledge of the country and people, and having been to the Pindari glacier before, is an invaluable addition to our party.

Mr. Williamson is the "distinguished visitor" who is having all the beauties and resources of the country pointed out to him; and the third person of great importance is Major Francis, the quartermaster-general of the camp, who directs all its internal arrangements, and, office of the utmost importance, looks after the provisions and orders the dinner for every day. He is a botanist besides, and all these weighty employments occupy him so much that we do not see a great deal of him; indeed, as yet, Mary and I have kept mostly with the other division of the party, who are very enthusiastic sportsmen. We shall not be able to do so much longer, however, for soon, no doubt, they will be leaving the direct road and scrambling about in all kinds of impossible places after the chamois, wild goats, and bears, which are said to abound in these uncivilised regions. Every one is in great hopes of getting some of these latter animals, David especially being full of plans as to what he will do with his bear when he has shot it. Captain Graydon, the only sportsman who really knows the country well, rather scorns the other young men, and tells them they must have years of experience in hill-climbing before they can expect to be successful, either with the chamois or the wild goats.

Binsur, October 4th.

To-day I feel that we have begun our wandering life in good earnest, for I am sitting at my own tent-door, watching the busy groups collected round the numerous small fires, the servants cooking our dinner in the open air, the jampannies huddled together in a circle, with a common hookah passing from man to man, the ayah energetically dragging out our boxes from the pile of luggage, and the gentlemen smoking in the foreground. Mary has good-naturedly perched herself on the bed to let me look out; for, charming as the tents are, there is a slight inconvenience in the want of space, and when one person wishes to enjoy the view, the other must of necessity retire somewhere into the background. When I turn round to talk to Mary, I am lost in admiration of the cosiness of our tent; our two little bedsteads take up the whole of the room, just leaving a passage between them broad enough to stand in; we have the additional luxury of a tiny awning, which holds a chair, a washhand-stand, and the luggage; a looking-glass is pinned up against the wall; and there you have our camp furniture complete. Our space, you will perceive, is limited, and we have to give Bunnoo, besides, a little corner to sleep in; but there is plenty of ventilation, for the wind comes whistling through the chinks between the awning and the tent, and great ingenuity has to

be displayed in erecting a little barricade of books before we can get the candle to burn at all. We dine under another awning, or *shemianah*, as it is called, for we are too large a party to find room in any single hill tent; and I expect we shall rather suffer from the cold in consequence; even here, though we are only 7,500 feet high, I am glad of all the wraps we brought with us.

We are encamped on the top of the hill, and if you could see our halting-ground you would understand the feeling of delight with which we first caught sight of the six or seven white tents scattered about among the trees, for there is plenty of even ground here, and we are not too much crowded together. The view is magnificent. This hill is, as it were, the central point of a circle; ranges of hills enclose it on every side, looking like huge waves suddenly petrified as they come rolling in upon us; and, last of all, extending almost round the whole horizon, is the long line of snow, some of the mountains so near that we can actually see the snow being blown, like the smoke of a volcano, off the summits.

I wish I could paint, instead of trying to describe to you, the sunset which we saw this evening. Ever since breakfast time we had been riding through pine woods; it was a bright, fresh afternoon, and the sun peeped pleasantly through the branches, flecking the ground with broad patches of colour, and lighting up everything it touched to a soft light green. By-and-by it disappeared altogether for a little while, and everything looked dull and gloomy, until presently we turned a sharp corner at the entrance of a gorge, and the glories of the evening sky came full upon our view. The road ran along the side of a very steep hill, now almost in the shade, though here and there the pine-trees had caught a stray sunbeam, and still glittered in the light; opposite to us was another pine-covered hill, with the sun full upon it, the bright green of the pines relieved by the dark deodars which were dotted at long intervals amongst them. To the left, range after range of hills, half hidden in a golden haze; and crowning all, immediately in front, came three or four grand peaks of snow, just turning as we caught sight of them from the pure white of a few moments before to a pale saffron yellow. We stood still, unable to speak or move, whilst they slowly changed from yellow to pink, and then to flame colour, which grew deeper and deeper till it became intensified to a vivid scarlet. Meanwhile, the hills on every side seemed all on fire, then turned into a rich violet, and as the colour of the snows began to melt and fade to a rose-coloured pink, the nearer mountains grew quite dark, till at last nothing remained but one little flame, which lingered on the top of the highest snowy peak, and then that too went out; and we were left to go on again in the deepening twilight, half glad that no fresh beauty could come to disturb the impression made upon our minds. It was a vision of beauty which will last for life.

Bagesur, October 10th.

Sunrises are almost as beautiful in their own way as sunsets; or is it only that getting up in the dark is such a very disagreeable proceeding, we are forced in self-defence to make the most of any advantages it may possess? The other morning, for instance, our tents were struck before the sun had thought of rising, and we were standing, a group of chilly,

shivering mortals, round the dying embers of a fire, waiting for the ponies, and grumbling at everything, even at the snows, which looked most dull and cheerless in the grey morning twilight, always the coldest time in the twenty-four hours. Suddenly, whilst we were looking, a faint pink blush stole over the highest peak of snow, which deepening and spreading, grew brighter every moment, till gradually the hills all round began to catch the light; little mists curled themselves up, and floated out of the valleys; and before we had gone a quarter of a mile on our way, each snowy outline stood marked in dazzling clearness against the deep blue sky, and the whole world was awake again.

I always think our start in the morning is a very amusing sight. Generally, the first person who appears in the doorway of his tent looks round discontentedly, as if he were much put out by his own punctuality; then he seems to meditate taking refuge again inside, but before he can turn round the men have already begun to strike his tent and carry off his belongings, so that he is left disconsolately outside, to revenge himself by hurrying the rest of the world. Next comes a good deal of noise and shouting from one tent to another to hear who is ready. Mary and I are almost always the first, but we are too wise to come out into the cold, so we keep very quiet until Mr. Williamson emerges from his tent, and then we know it is really time to start, and issue forth too. Or, perhaps, we are a little late, and there comes an ominous tapping outside, which means that the servants are beginning to strike our tent; and the ayah, scolding at the top of her voice, bundles the things frantically away, whilst we run out with our hats and jackets, to complete the business of dressing in the open air.

The great problem of our present existence is to know what to wear. If we put on our thin dresses we are frozen in the early morning; our thick ones become unendurable in the heat of the day; and, though we settle the question differently every day, we have never yet found our decision satisfactory. The gentlemen's attire, I must tell you, is quite as remarkable as our own; the height of the fashion consists in wearing three hats, one on the top of the other, which is supposed effectually to prevent any risk from the sun. Shirt-collars are unknown; but they wear bright-coloured flannel shirts, fustian jackets, and knickerbockers, startling-looking stockings; and one adds, as a ludicrously inappropriate finish to his costume, a fine white cambric handkerchief, which he folds, as an old woman might, neatly round his neck.

Varieties.

AINOS OF JAPAN.—Mr. De Long, lately U.S. Minister in Japan, has propounded a strange theory as to the origin of this aboriginal people. "They seem to bear no relation in customs, language, or appearance to either the Japanese, Chinese, Manchoes, or other oriental nations. They are extremely kind, mild-mannered, skillful as hunters and fishermen, intelligent, and brave. Crime is almost unknown among them, yet they are so completely savage or barbarous that they have no idea of their origin, no mode of reckoning time, no knowledge of the value of money, nor even proper names. They call their children 'One,' 'Two,' 'Three,' etc. Their mode of saluting a superior is to sit down upon the earth cross-legged, bow the head, and, placing their hands together with the palms upwards,

raise them three times towards their faces, as if in the act of casting dust or water upon themselves, after which they complacently stroke their long black beards with both hands three times. This mode of salutation, I believe, is analogous to that of the ancient Hebrews, while the beard and physiognomy of the people, in my mind, strongly resemble that nation. Ancient mining works of a very extensive character are found upon the island of Jesso, where these people live, and are mentioned by Professor Pompelly, who resided there for a period, while in the service of the Japanese, in his work entitled 'A Tour Around the World.' I trust you will pardon me for indulging for a moment in what may seem to you to be a vagary. We know that Solomon sent forth ships to a place called Ophir after gold. The rude character of sailing craft of that period forbids the supposition that they could have voyaged to either Australia or California. Sailing, as we are informed, from Arabia eastward, and, like all small craft, naturally keeping near the shore, they would, after crossing the northern portion of the Indian Ocean, reach the Gulf Stream of the Pacific, which, without effort upon their part, would bear them to the Japanese Islands. With the death of Solomon, or with the fall and captivity of the nation, it is presumable that this commerce with Ophir suddenly ceased. In such a case it is fairly presumable that workmen sent abroad may have been left there by this accident, or that they voluntarily remained there rather than return and share in the enslavement of their people. Only by this theory can I account for this strange and interesting race of men, for their customs, which I have mentioned, or for the existence of these ancient mining works, which is unaccounted for by Japanese history or Aino legendry."

MATERIALISM.—It is as impossible to conceive that ever bare incogitative matter should produce a thinking intelligent being, as that nothing should of itself produce matter. Let us suppose any parcel of matter eternal, great or small, we shall find it, in itself, able to produce nothing. For example, let us suppose the matter of the next pebble we meet with eternal, closely united, and the parts firmly at rest together; if there were no other being in the world, must it not eternally remain so, a dead inactive lump? Is it possible to conceive it can add motion to itself, being purely matter, or produce anything? Matter, then, by its own strength, cannot produce in itself so much as motion, the motion it has must also be from eternity, or else be produced and added to matter by some other being more powerful than matter: matter, as is evident, having not power to produce motion in itself. But let us suppose motion eternal too; yet matter, incogitative matter and motion, whatever changes it might produce of figure and bulk, could never produce thought. Knowledge will still be as far beyond the power of motion and matter to produce, as matter is beyond the power of nothing, or nonentity, to produce. And I appeal to every one's own thoughts, whether he cannot as easily conceive matter produced by nothing, as thought to be produced by pure matter, when before there was no such thing as thought, or an intelligent being existing? . . . So that if we will suppose nothing first, or eternal, matter can never begin to be; but if we suppose bare matter, without motion, eternal motion can never begin to be; if we suppose only matter and motion first, or eternal, thought can never begin to be. For it is impossible to conceive that matter, either with or without motion, could have originally, in and from itself, perception and knowledge, as is evident from hence, and then sense, perception, and knowledge must be a property eternally inseparable from matter, and every particle of it.—*Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding.*

IRISH CONVICT SYSTEM.—Of the origin of the Irish convict prison system, the most efficient and successful the world has yet seen, the following is a brief statement. In 1837 Sir William Molesworth, the accomplished and patriotic pupil of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, obtained a Select Committee on the subject of Transportation. The Committee reported in 1838, and the result was, in 1840, the abandonment by the Home Government of transportation to the colonies. Attempts were made from time to time to continue the system, as the only way of getting rid of our refuse criminal population, but the Cape of Good Hope colony brought the matter to a final issue by actually rebelling against the reception of convicts. A few years later, Western Australia was the only colony willing to receive convict labour, and that only to a limited extent. Bermuda and Gibraltar were still available as State prisons. But since 1853 it has been necessary to provide for the custody of our convicts at home. After a laborious investigation, in 1850, the House of Commons had declared that the majority of convicted criminals could be reformed. In 1855 Captain Walter

Crofton, who had been appointed to inquire into the state of the convict prisons in Ireland, addressed to the Government a communication citing that report of the House of Commons, and particularly suggesting two conditions to any complete attempt at a redeeming discipline. The first was, intermediate prisons, in which the convict could be subjected to trial before discharge; and the second condition was, such treatment of the whole class as would subject them to the principle of individualisation, each man's case being separately handled with reference to his antecedents, his character, and his actual state of mind and conduct. Captain Crofton was placed at the head of the Directors of the Irish Convict Prisons. This system has now been carried out for nearly twenty years, with a success attested by every form of evidence. By the magistrates and police, as well as judges; by the clergy of all denominations; by the press and public opinion in Ireland; and by the impartial testimony of visitors from other countries, the success of the system is declared. Yet in England and other parts of the empire the results of the Irish experiment have not yet been used so far as they ought to be for the improvement of prison discipline. We wish all success to the Howard Association and its indefatigable secretary, Friend William Tallack, in the effort to engraft upon our prison management the best features of the Irish convict system.

PATRICK'S HYMN.—Unlike the Confession written in Latin, St. Patrick's Hymn is in Irish, that language which had become his mother tongue. It is admitted by scholars to be probably the oldest written monument of Celtic literature. It has been translated by Petrie, Stokes, and Todd. That it is a composition of great antiquity cannot be questioned. It is written in a very ancient dialect of the Irish Celtic. It was evidently composed during the existence of Pagan usages in the country. It makes no allusion to Arianism, or any of the heresies prevalent in the Continental Church. It notices no doctrine or practice of the Church that is not known to have existed before the fifth century. As to its character, Todd says, "It exhibits in a much more favourable light the character of the missionary from whom Ireland received the faith, than that in which he is made to appear in the *Legendary Lives*. In them he stands before us as a great magician, bringing down judgments from heaven, causing sudden destruction to fall upon his enemies, terrifying, not persuading; a magus more powerful than the magi of the Pagan king. But in the Hymn, notwithstanding some tincture of superstition, we find the pure and undoubted truths of Christianity, a firm faith in the protecting providence and power of God; and Christ made all and in all."—*St. Patrick's Creed and Hymn. By the Rev. C. Scott. (Hodges, Dublin.)*

UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.—The following table of the winners of the University Boat Race is extracted from the "Rowing Almanack":—

Yr.	Date.	Winner.	Course.	Time.	m. s.	How Won.
1829	June 10	Oxford	Henley	14	30	easily
1830	June 17	Cambridge	W. to P.	36	0	1 minute
1830	April 3	Cambridge	W. to P.	31	0	1m. 43sec.
1840	April 15	Cambridge	W. to P.	29	30	2-3 lengths
1841	April 14	Cambridge	W. to P.	32	30	1m. 4sec.
1842	June 11	Oxford	W. to P.	30	45	15sec.
1845	Mar. 15	Cambridge	P. to M.	23	30	30sec.
1846	April 3	Cambridge	M. to P.	21	5	2 lengths
1849	Mar. 29	Cambridge	P. to M.	22	0	easily
1849	Dec. 15	Oxford	P. to M.	25	10	foul
1852	April 8	Oxford	P. to M.	21	36	27sec.
1854	April 8	Oxford	P. to M.	25	29	11 strokes
1856	Mar. 15	Cambridge	M. to P.	25	50	4 lengths
1857	April 4	Oxford	P. to M.	22	35	35sec.
1858	Mar. 27	Cambridge	P. to M.	21	23	22sec.
1859	April 15	Oxford	P. to M.	24	40	Can. sank
1860	Mar. 31	Cambridge	P. to M.	24	5	1 length
1861	Mar. 23	Oxford	P. to M.	23	59	43sec.
1862	April 12	Oxford	P. to M.	24	41	30sec.
1863	Mar. 28	Oxford	M. to P.	23	6	43sec.
1864	Mar. 19	Oxford	P. to M.	21	40	26sec.
1865	April 8	Oxford	P. to M.	21	24	4 lengths
1866	Mar. 24	Oxford	P. to M.	25	35	15sec.
1867	April 13	Oxford	P. to M.	22	40	4 lengths
1868	April 4	Oxford	P. to M.	20	53	6 lengths
1869	Mar. 17	Oxford	P. to M.	20	5	3 lengths
1870	April 6	Cambridge	P. to M.	22	4	1 length
1871	April 1	Cambridge	P. to M.	23	5	1 length
1872	Mar. 23	Cambridge	P. to M.	21	15	2 lengths
1873	Mar. 29	Cambridge	P. to M.	19	35	3 lengths
1874	Mar. 23	Cambridge	P. to M.	22	35	3 lengths

"BARRY CORNWALL."—Mr. W. Rowlett, an admirer of the poetry of the late Barry Cornwall, has made the discovery that the name of the poet forms an anagram originating the *nom de plume* by which he was distinguished, Peter Barry Cornwall being an exact transposition of Bryan Walter Procter.

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